As *Io* from the iealous *Iunoes* eye,
When in the morning our troupes did gather head.
Paſſing the waſhes with our carriages,
The impartiall tide deadly and inexorable,
Came raging in with billowes threatning death,
And ſwallowed vp the moſt of all our men,
My ſelfe vpon a Galloway right free, well pa'cd,
Outſtripd the flouds that followed waue by waue,
I ſo eſcap'd to tell this tragicke tale.
Griefe vpon griefe, yet none ſo great a griefe.
To end this life, and thereby rid my griefe.
Was euer any ſo infortunate,
The right Idea of a curſed man,
As I, poore I, a triumph for deſpight,
My feuer growes, what ague ſhakes me ſo?
How farre to *Swinſtead*, tell me, doe you know?
Preſent vnto the Abbot word of my repaire.
My ſickneſſe rages, to tyrannize vpon me,
I cannot liue vnleſſe this feuer leaue me.

Phil. Good cheere my Lord, the Abbey is at hand,
Behold my Lord, the Churchmen come to meet you.

Enter the Abbot and certaine Monks.

Abb. All health & happines to our Soueraigne Lord the
Iohn Nor helpe nor happineſſe hath *Iohn* at all. (King.
Say Abbot, am I welcome to thy houſe?

Abb. Such welcome as our Abbey can afford,
Your Maieſty ſhall be aſſured of.

Philip. The King thou ſeeſt is weake and very faint,
What victuals haſt thou to refreſh his Grace?

Abb. Good ſtore my Lord, of that you need not feare,
For Lincolnſhire, and theſe our Abbey grounds
Were neuer fatter nor in better plight.

Iohn. *Philip* thou neuer needſt to doubt of cates,
Nor King nor Lord is ſeated halfe ſo well,
As are the Abbeis throughout all the Land,
If any plot of ground do paſſe another,

The Friers faſten on it ſtrait:
But let vs in to taſte of their repaſt,
It goes againſt my heart to feed with th
Or be beholding to ſuch Abbey groome

Manet the Monke.

Monke. Is this the King that neuer l
Is this the man that doth contemne the
Is this the man that robd the holy Chur
And yet will flie vnto a Friory?
Is this the King that aymes at Abbeis L
Is this the man whom all the world abh
And yet will flie vnto a Friory?
Accurſt be *Swinſtead* Abbey, Abbot, Frier
Monkes, Nunnes, and Clarkes, and all th
If wicked *Iohn* eſcape aliue away.
Now if that thou wilt looke to merit he
And be canoniz'd for a holy Saint:
To pleaſe the world with a deſeruing wo
Be thou the man to ſet thy conntrey free,
And murder him that ſeekes to murder t

Enter the Abbot.

Abbot. Why are not you within to ch
He now begins to mend, and will to meat

Monke. What if I ſay to ſtrangle hin

Abbot. What, at thy *Mumpſimus*? aw
And ſeeke ſome meanes for to paſtime th

Monke. Ile ſet a dudgeon dagger at his
And with a mallet knocke him on the he

Abbot. Alas what meanes this Monke
Dare lay my life hee'l kill me for my plac

Monke. Ile poyſon him and it ſhall ne
And then ſhall I be chiefeſt of my houſe.

Abb. If I were dead indeed he is the n
But Ile away, for why the Monke is mad,
And in his madneſſe he will murder me.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King John* (STC 14647) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3731)